

## Desperation in the Form of Strawbb Milkshake by FortressOfStars

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**Summary:**

He made Billy want to melt. To crawl up to one of the dimples above Steve's lips and bask in his warmth until the sun burned to ash. And he was sleepy enough to show it. Sleepy enough to plant a kiss on the wrist resting against his jaw. Sleepy enough to forget to smirk up at Steve and cut up the softness of the moment. Even, sleepy enough to let the planted kiss bloom into a soft-petaled flower. A bluebell, maybe.

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Billy is nearly asleep. Or, he *was* nearly asleep, until he felt Steve wiggle around in his arms & turn to face him.

Steve's hot breath tickled his eyelashes for a few dozen seconds before Billy heard Steve clear his throat.

"Billy," he whispered, "are you still awake?"

Billy grunted in response, opened his eyes enough to squint at Steve.

Steve smiled softly, tucked a golden curl back behind Billy's ear.

He made Billy want to melt. To crawl up to one of the dimples above Steve's lips and bask in his warmth until the sun burned to ash. And he was sleepy enough to show it. Sleepy enough to plant a kiss on the wrist resting against his jaw. Sleepy enough to forget to smirk up at Steve and cut up the softness of the moment. Even, sleepy enough to let the planted kiss bloom into a soft-petaled flower. A bluebell, maybe.

He sighed against Steve's wrist and failed to keep his breath from silently speaking of the comfort he felt within Steve's orbit.

Steve's fingers swirled around the baby hairs at Billy's hairline, kept spinning even as Steve scooted forward, tucked his nose under Billy's chin.

Billy wondered if, maybe, right here, in this fixed point in time, if this would be the happiest moment of his life. He figured, it seemed likely. Because, honestly, what more could he want? How could he ever wish for anything more perfect than the warmth of Steve? He doesn't think he ever could.

He treasures the last few seconds before Steve speaks again, and the bliss shifts, and the moment changes.

Steve's hand in Billy's hair stops moving, his arms squeeze around Billy for a second before he says, "I just... really want a strawberry milkshake."

Billy chuckles lightly, rests his 'i love you' in the back of his throat. Feels Steve's 'love you too' in the hot, delicate breathing over his collar bone.

Steve continues, "We could go to the diner. I'll get you one too if you let me drive the Camaro."

Billy's chest rumbles against Steve's shoulder as he replies, "Everything's closed, Stevie. It's... what time is it?"

Steve leaves a gentle kiss on the curve of Billy's neck, "Not sure. Sometime after 2."

"Yeah. So it's 2AM, and the diner's closed. Has been for hours."

Steve huffs in mild frustration, he's never liked being reminded of reality.

Billy starts rubbing his thumb up and down over his favorite mole on Steve's bicep.

"What d'you want me to do baby? Break into Freddy's for a strawberry milkshake?"

Steve hums against Billy's skin, Billy feels his lips slip into a smile.

"Well. That'd be ideal, yeah."

Billy scoffs, tries not to choke on the love aching deep in his chest and throat, "Sorry sunset, don't wanna get banned from the only diner in Hawkins."

"Awww," Steve groans, "c'mon billy goat, thought you said this town needed some more action."

Billy pulls him closer still, "You know, as much as I'd like to see Hopper all pissed off about getting woken up this early to a call about some reckless teenage menace breaking into Freddy's to get his ridiculous boyfriend a strawberry milkshake, imma hav'ta stick with no."

Steve breathes out a dramatic sigh, "And here I've been thinking the

only reason I started going out with you was because I trusted you'd be willing to break into Freddy's and steal me a strawberry milkshake anytime I asked."

Billy rolls his eyes, tickles Steve's sides until Steve pulls back, laughing, and catching Billy's hands. Trapping them in his grip until they catch him back.

Billy squeezes their entwined fingers. Exhales, "Nice try. Answer's still no. I might be able to make you one though? We have strawberries and milk, and I *think* we might even have ice cream."

Steve shakes his head, "No, no. The type of strawberry milkshake I'm craving is a 'drink it in our booth at Freddy's at 3AM' type."

Billy pulls a hand out of Steve's grip, shifts him forward until Billy's mouth is brushing against Steve's ear lobe.

"You know Steve," he breathes, "sometimes I can't tell if you're joking or not. Question is always, 'he tryin' to rile me up? Or should I be takin' this more serious?'"

Steve huffs a quiet laugh. Soft. It sends butterflies fluttering from Billy's stomach down to his toes. Bribes a few to fly up to Billy's face, land gently in the corners of his smile. It feels like life, Steve's laugh. It feels like living.

"Well. I'm entirely serious right now, billy goat. Serious as a charge of breaking and entering can be."

Billy rolls his eyes again. He's always rolling his eyes at Steve. In the 'I'm so damn in love with you it's ridiculous' type of way. Though, sometimes, when he's lying on the floor of his room, locked in from the outside, struggling to breathe over his tears, he wishes it was another type of way. A 'this kid is pissing me off' type of way. He wishes he wasn't so in love with the boy pressed against him. But, truly, he could never be anything else. He could never get the 'love' away from the 'Steve'. And that's okay. It's good, the best, even, especially here. Especially now. In Steve's bed. In *Steve's warmth*.

So. Billy rolls his eyes in the 'I'm so damn in love with this boy it's

ridiculous' type of way.

Rolls his eyes and says, "In that case, I hate ta tell ya this Stevie, but I can't make your dream a reality."

Steve goes still. Then pushes Billy back from him and tilts his head up until their eyes meet.

Steve's eyes say 'I'm so damn in love with you it's ridiculous'. Billy's not sure he remembers how to breathe.

Steve brushes a hand over Billy's cheek. Rests it under his jaw.

"You're the only dream that's ever really mattered, love."

Billy's *sure* he doesn't remember how to breathe then. The love aching deep in his sternum spreads over his whole body. The butterflies flutter up to his eyes. The love swells until Billy can't keep it still anymore. Until the damn breaks. Until it overflows through his tear ducts, drips down his cheeks.

Steve's smile turns into a bluebell, only looks a little sad when he leans in to rub his nose with Billy's. Presses kisses over his cheeks and against his eyelashes. Floods more love into the already overflowing stream until the whole room is blooming with it. Until all the bluebells sprout.

Steve's thumb stroking Billy's lower lip reminds him how to breathe again. Teaches the art of exhalation. And now Billy's breathing in bluebells. Breathing in Steve. He thinks this moment has to be the fullest one he'll ever have. Might keep thinking that again and again as long as Steve's laugh keeps sounding like, 'I'm so damn in love with you it's ridiculous'.

And Billy's desperate. Desperate to push the love away. Desperate to hold onto it forever. Desperate for Steve to know how deep into his bones their symphony resonates.

Billy inhales, "Go to sleep, strawbaby."

Steve's bluebell smile blooms again, grows into a grin, full and real and everything. He pulls Billy closer yet, nuzzles against his chest.

Sighs in the type of way that means he'd plant a valley full of bluebells, fill the entire house with butterflies, just to keep hearing Billy wrap him in the new nickname until the sun turns to ash.

### **Author's Note:**

So yeah! Thanks so much for reading. This is the first properly written work I've finished of these idiots. And my first post on AO3. I have a lot of unfinished stuff of them but I finished this and, for that, I'm very proud. Guess I should base more fics around craving strawberry milkshakes at 3AM? Anyway. Feel free to leave any constructive criticism. Have a lovely day/night